

NATIONAL



NOVEMBER
No. 5

COMICS

A SMASHING NEW STAR
TO THRILL YOU!
Starts in this Issue

Starring
**UNCLE
SAM**

10^c

THE GREATEST COMIC
OF ALL TIME!



NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

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11



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OF ALL TIME!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Racing ahead of the rest.
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad.
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-
hood. Match them hub to hub.
And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when
you show them the Spring Fork that
changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the
Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-
proof Cyclelock . . . rear expander brake
. . . and many other exclusive Schwinn
features.

Then let the gang stand back and
admire the surging grace and super
strength of America's finest bicycle . . .
the bike that's waiting to whisk you
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the
new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO

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UNCLE SAM

By
William
Eisner

The TRUE
STORY of
**UNCLE
SAM...**

Who he was and
how he came to
be.

AND THE WHOLE
CAUSE WILL BE LOST,
BECAUSE WASHINGTON
CAN'T LAST WITHOUT
SUPPLIES AT VALLEY
FORGE!

IN 1777, A NEW IDEA WAS
SWEEPING AMERICA.
THE FARMERS OF THE
COLONIES WERE FIGHTING
FOR FREEDOM

A SUPPLY
TRAIN,
HEADED FOR
VALLEY
FORGE, IS
CLOSELY
PURSUED
BY HESSIAN
SOLDIERS.

AT THE
SPEED WE
ARE MOVING,
THE ENEMY
WILL
SOON BE
UPON
US!



THAT NIGHT A PATRIOT NAMED SAM SLIPS OUT OF CAMP...

GOOD! MY PLAN IS WORKING! I'M BEING FOLLOWED! I KNOW THE HESSIANS WILL GET ME, BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTENTION LONG ENOUGH FOR THE WAGON TRAIN TO GET THROUGH!



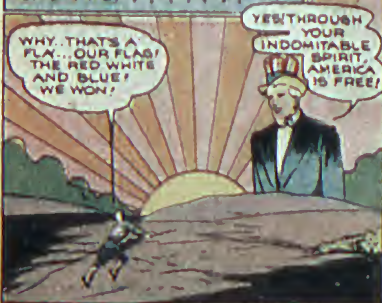
SHOT AFTER SHOT IS Poured INTO HIS BODY... HE STAGGERS... TRIES DESPERATELY TO GO ON.



LOOKS LIKE I STOP HERE THE WAGONS WILL HAVE SLIPPED PAST WHILE THEY WERE CHASING ME!



HIS LAST MOMENTS ARE GLORIOUS ONES, BRIGHTENED BY THE SETTING SUN'S RAYS.



YES! THROUGH YOUR INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, AMERICA IS FREE!

YOU WILL ALWAYS GUIDE YOUR COUNTRY, COME SAM! COME!



WE WILL BE ONE, AS YOU GUIDE AMERICA THROUGH THE FUTURE.



AND BELLS RING OUT AS THE PEOPLE REJOICE IN THEIR WELL-EARNED FREEDOM!



DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS THIS GREAT INVISIBLE FORCE LEADS OUR NATION OUT OF MANY CRISIS....



INVISIBLE, UNCLE SAM JOINS THE FIGHTING FORCES FOR OUR FREEDOM. WHEREVER AMERICANS STRUGGLE, THEIR UNCLE SAM JOINS THEM.



NEVER RESTING, UNCLE SAM LED OUR BOYS TO VICTORY IN THE GREAT WAR.



WHEN PEOPLE STRUCK FOR BETTER CONDITIONS, HE WAS THERE TOO.



HE WAS THEIR CHAMPION AGAINST THE FORCES OF OPPRESSION.



AND NOW HE DECIDES TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN, AS CIVIL RIGHTS OF AMERICANS ARE THREATENED.



BY EVIL FORCES GUIDED BY DISTANT POWERS, PRYING FROM WITHIN.



AS HE PASSES THROUGH A MID-WESTERN TOWN,
SAM HESITATES.

HMM... A CRACKER
BARREL MEETING.



CAN'T YA SEE HOW WE
WOULD BE GIVIN' UP
OUR FREEDOM IF
WE SUCCUMBED TO
THAT BUNCH
OF POLITICAL
HOODLUMS?

BUT,
SAMUEL,
THEY
THREATEN
US!



SINCE WHEN DO REAL
AMERICANS TREMBLE WHEN
THEY ARE THREATENED?
BLACK LEGIONS,
BAH! I'M NOT
AFRAID OF EM!

SAMUEL
IS THE
MAN I'VE
BEEN
LOOKING
FOR!



THAT NIGHT, AS OLD MAN
SAM COMES HOME...

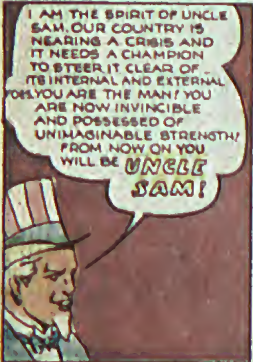
DON'T PUT ON THE
LIGHT, SAMUEL, I
WISH TO TALK TO
YOU!

WHO ARE
YA?



I AM THE SPIRIT OF UNCLE
SAM. OUR COUNTRY IS
NEARING A CRISIS AND
IT NEEDS A CHAMPION
TO STEER IT CLEAR OF
ITS INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
FOES. YOU ARE THE MAN! YOU
ARE NOW INVINCIBLE
AND POSSESSED OF
UNIMAGINABLE STRENGTH!
FROM NOW ON YOU
WILL BE **UNCLE
SAM!**

BE BRAVE! DEFEND THE
WEAK... DESTROY EVIL...
**AMERICA NEEDS
YOU, UNCLE
SAM!**



HE PUTS THE LIGHT ON AND
APPROACHES A MIRROR...

GOSH! AFTER I TRIM
MY BEARD I WILL LOOK
LIKE UNCLE
SAM!



THE NEXT DAY SAMUEL AS UNCLE SAM, NOW STROLLS THROUGH GLEN VALLEY HIS STRANGE ATTIRE DRAWS MUCH COMMENT



WELL FER LAN BAKES! WHAT'S GOT INTO OLD SAM? O J SEE THE WAY HE'S RIGGED UP! POOR OLD SAM!



OLD NOTHIN'! LOOK AT THAT LIVELY STRIDE, AND HIS FACE ALMOST LOOKS YOUNG, BUT... THAT OUTFIT... HEY, SAM, YOU GOIN TO A PARADE?

MEANWHILE, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A HARMLESS-LOOKING FARMYARD, SLIGHTLY REMOVED FROM TOWN...



SINISTER FIGURES SIT GROUPED AROUND A RUSTIC TABLE ON WHICH STANDS A KEROSENE LAMP



WE MUST CONTROL GLEN VALLEY AND MAKE A STRONGHOLD OF IT!

WE CAN'T SCARE THOSE PEOPLE BY STRONG TALK. THEY'RE ALMOST A HUNDRED PERCENT FOR DEMOCRACY! NO, BOYS, TALK WON'T DO!



BUT THIS SHOULD! OUR LEADERS IN THE OLD WORLD USE THIS QUITE EFFECTIVELY TO ESTABLISH "REASON!"



ALL IS PEACE IN THE SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN THE NEAT STREETS ARE BATHED IN SUNSHINE CHILDREN SCAMPER ABOUT... A DOO BARKS



IN THE DISTANCE A SOFT PURR IS HEARD... THE SOUND GROWS INTO THE STACCATO ROAR OF MOTORCYCLES...



THEY ZOOM DOWN MAIN STREET AND MACHINE GUNS SPEW DEATH



TERROR-STRICKEN, THE TOWNSFOLK FLEE... MANY FALL BEFORE REACHING COVER...



THROUGH EVERY STREET THEY SPEED, THEN OUT TO THE COUNTRYSIDE, MOWING DOWN EVERY LIVING THING BEFORE THEM IN THEIR EFFORT TO SPREAD TERROR THROUGHOUT GLENVALLEY.



TERROR IS SPREAD BY SUDDEN VISITS INTO THE PEOPLES HOMES.



WAIT! I HEAR THEM MOTOR-CYCLES AGAIN!



FELLER, NEVER WAS A MAN MORE WILLIN' TO DO HIS DUTY AND I SEE MINE RIGHT NOW!

HE RACES FOR THE CREAMERY







SALLY O'NEIL



THE CITY'S ACE LADY COP FINDS A NEW JOB IN THE SMART WORLD OF FASHION.....AND DISCOVERS FIREWORKS POPPING UNDER THE POLITE POLISH OF SMOOTH SALESTALK. OUR GAL SAL IS QUICK TO PITCH INTO A BATTLE, WITH NO REGARD FOR ETIQUETTE.....

POLICEWOMAN

By Frank Kearn

SALLY O'NEIL ANSWERS A CALL TO HEADQUARTERS.....



SHE HEARS HER NEW ASSIGNMENT, AND...

WHAT? SALESLADY AT BONRITZ?!!
WH-WHAT'S THE IDEA, CAPTAIN?

NOW, SALLY, CALM DOWN... THERE'VE BEEN A NUMBER OF BIG ROBBERIES.



THE STORE DETECTIVES HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING! THEY NEED A CLEVER GIRL LIKE YOU, AND....

NEVER MIND THE FLATTERY! IT SOUNDS VERY INTERESTING. WHEN DO I START?!



AT THE ULTRA-FASHIONABLE BONRITZ, SALLY MEETS HER FIRST CUSTOMER....



OH, THIS IS LOVELY! I'D LIKE TO TRY IT!

B-BUT, MADAME, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE YOUNG FOR YOU?

WHY, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED! HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM? I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU!

OH, I'M SO SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! YOU SEE, I-ER...



IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOB, MISS O'NEIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT! SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS...



GULP... THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING AN HONEST COP!

BUT SALLY SOON LEARNS THAT THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT... AND HOLDS HER JOB... UNTIL... ONE DAY...



MISS O'NEIL, SHOW MISS DE VAN THE MIDNIGHT VELVET... THE ONE WITH THE DIAMOND CLIP... AND STOP TALKING TO HER ESCORT TOO...



SALLY! GO OUT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE ANYONE SEES YOU!



OH, SO IT'S A PUBLICITY GAG! POOR BARRY! WELL, I'LL HAVE SOME FUN!



BARRY IS THE MOVIE ACTOR WHO HAS BEEN PURSUING SALLY WITH A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL...



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER MALE RUNS INTO THE FORBIDDEN TERRITORY...



WILL YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE LEAVE OR MUST I CALL THE POLICE?



BARRY, DARLING, DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS JUST MADE FOR ME?

AW, LET ME EXPLAIN, SALLY!



OUTSIDE THE CURTAINED BOOTH

NOW, SALLY, BE REASONABLE... I CAN EXPLAIN...

NOT IN HERE! NO MAN IS ALLOWED IN HERE! GET OUT!



LISTEN! YOU'RE PAYIN' ME TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO... YOU GOTTA STICK TO THAT DE VAN GAG FOR A FEW MONTHS... THE PUBLIC LOVES IT!

AW...



BUT BARRY STOPS TO SEE THE "MIDNIGHT BLACK" ON BARBARA.

NO FEMALE COOPER OR ANYONE ELSE CAN ORDER ME AROUND... BARBARA!



BUT IN THE DRESSING ROOM, A STARTLING SIGHT GREETED BARRY.....



BUT SALLY IS QUICK TO NOTICE AN UNUSUAL BULGE AROUND THE BUYER'S THROAT.....



IT WAS ONE OF THE STORE DETECTIVES WHO MURDERED HER!! THEY WORK IN THE SECRET PASSAGES BUILT FOR SPYING OUT CROOKS. THEY PAID ME TO STEAL, BUT NOT TO MURDER!



SALLY SLIPS SILENTLY INTO THE DARK PASSAGE THAT RUNS BEHIND THE DRESSING ROOMS...



CROOKS POSING AS DETECTIVES! THAT'S A NEAT TRICK!

ONLY THIS IS ONE TIME IT WON'T WORK! UN-OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE!



WHO'S THAT?

A SHOT SHAKES THE NARROW PASSAGE...SALLY FLATTENS AGAINST THE WALL.....



THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

BUT AS SHE BACKS INTO THE SHADOWS, MENACING HANDS REACH OUT.



AND GRAB HER ROUGHLY...



PRETTY SMART! BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH, LADY!!

UHP!



FOR A DAME, YOU GOT SOME FIGHT IN YOU!

SALLY IS CARRIED INTO THE PACKING ROOM, WHERE THE "DETECTIVES" ACCOMPANIES ARE ACTING AS PACKERS.....



HERE'S A SWEET PIECE OF GOODS, BOYS!

YOU DUMB CLUCK! THAT'S O'NEIL, THE POLICEMAN! WE GOTTA GET RID OF HER!



THAT'S IT, SLUGGER!



SURE, DIS MATTRESS IS GOIN' OUT OF TOWN...WE CAN DUMP HER ON THE WAY!

HELPLESS IN THE TIGHTLY ROLLED MATTRESS, SALLY IS HONESTED TO THE TRUCK.....



BUT BARRY HAD FOLLOWED HER DOWN THE PASSAGE.....



THEY'LL NEVER MAKE THAT DELIVERY!

TO MAKE THE JOB COMPLETE, THE FAKE DETECTIVE INSPECTS THE TRUCK FOR EVIDENCE OF THEFT.



AND THE TRUCK ROLLS ON ITS WAY TO THE SUBURBS, WITH A LOAD OF MERCHANDISE AND SALLY.



MEANWHILE....

GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS... SALLY O'NEIL IS BEING KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF STORE THIEVES... YES, AT BONRITZ!



THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE STORE IN TWO MINUTES FLAT.....



I THINK IT WAS A WESTCHESTER SHIPMENT.... WE BETTER FOLLOW IN A CAR.... THEY WENT THAT WAY....



SIRENS CHILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR SCREAMS, THE POLICE CAR HEADS FOR THE COUNTRY....



MEANWHILE, SALLY MANAGES TO SQUIRM FORWARD IN THE MATTRESS.



AND AT LAST SHE WRIGGLES FORTH.... A FREE WOMAN...



WE'LL LOSE THAT BUNDLE "BY ACCIDENT" ON THE BRIDGE!

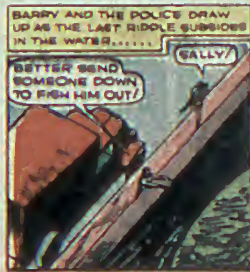


AND OVER THE SIDE WITH A TREMENDOUS SPLASH INTO THE RIVER BELOW.....



HEY/ DON'T YOU KNOW FISHES DON'T SLEEP IN BEDS/ THEY WON'T NEED THAT MATTRESS!





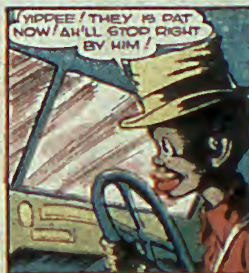


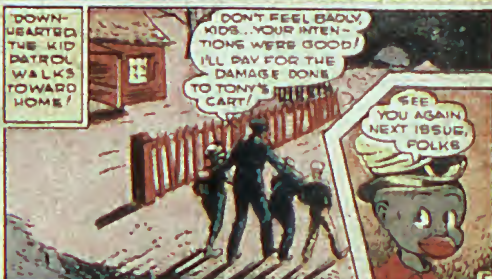
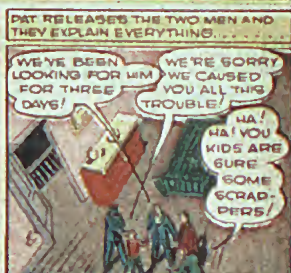
THAT NIGHT, AFTER THEIR LONG HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS, THE THREE WEARY HIKERS DECIDE TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN AN OLD HOUSE.



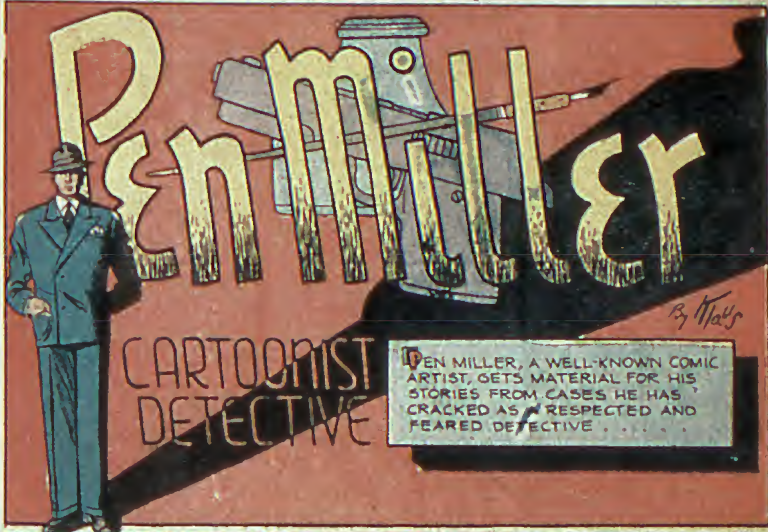






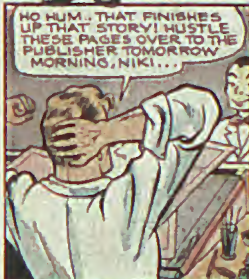


SEE YOU AGAIN, NEXT ISSUE, FOLKS!



CARTOONIST
DETECTIVE

PEN MILLER, A WELL-KNOWN COMIC ARTIST, GETS MATERIAL FOR HIS STORIES FROM CASES HE HAS CRACKED AS A RESPECTED AND FEARED DETECTIVE . . .



HO HUM.. THAT FINISHES UP THAT STORY! HUSTLE THESE PAGES OVER TO THE PUBLISHER TOMORROW MORNING, NIKI...



MEANWHILE, LET'S TAKE A STROLL.. MAYBE I CAN WRESTLE UP A NEW IDEA..

VELLY GOOD, SIR.



THERE'S THE MUSS WOT'S BEEN EX-POSIN' OUR RACKET!



LET'S MUSS 'IM UP!



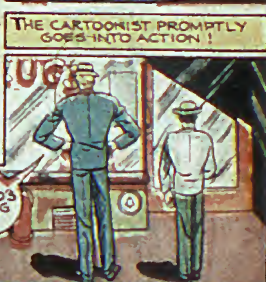
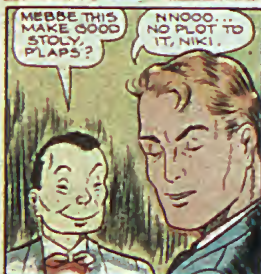
WOT TA YA SAY WE PLAY TAG, GOLDLOCKS?



DAT'S A NICE FELLER! I JES' WANNA FLATTEN YER SNOOT F' YAI!



A SEDAN PULLS UP TO THE SAUNTERING FIGURE &!



THEY FOLLOW HIM TO HIS FLAT...

WE'LL HANG OUT HERE AWHILE TO GIVE HIM TIME TO TAKE A SHOT OF THE SCOPOLAMINE!



SCOPOLAMINE IS A TRUTH-SERUM... WHEN INJECTED INTO A MAN'S ARM, HE CANNOT BUT TELL THE PLAIN, UN-ADULTERATED TRUTH.



IN DUE TIME THE DETECTIVE CRASHES IN!



UH, UH, MUSTN'T STAB ME WITH THAT NEEDLE!



WHO WROTE OUT THAT PRESCRIPTION?



HUH! I WOULDN'T TELL YA IF I KNEW! JUST THE SAME IT WAS 'NIPPER' ELDEEN'S MOB GIVE IT TO ME... ADDRESS 84 CROUCH AVENUE..

UHP... WHAT THE HECK AM I SAYING?

THE SERUM TAKES EFFECT!



WITH THIS PRECIOUS INFORMATION, MILLER GOES BACK TO THE DRUG STORE... WHERE HE MAKES HIMSELF UP AS A PHYSICIAN...



HOW'M I DOING?

VELLY GOOD, DOCTOR... YOU ALMOST MAKE ME FEEL LIKE PLETTY SICK!



AT THE ENTRANCE TO 'NIPPER' ELDEEN'S PLACE:



WOTTA YA WANT?

I WANT TO SEE THE 'NIPPER'!



'NIPPER' AINT--

FIND HIS NAME, NIKI?



YES.. HERE IS CHAUFFEUR LICENSE JOE DERN.

I HAVE A PLAN TO CAPTURE THIS MOB SINGLE-HANDED! ... YOU COME BACK IN HALF AN HOUR WITH SOME COPS, NIKI!



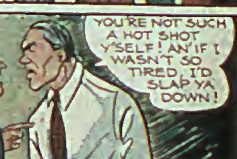


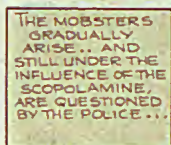
THE THUGS FINALLY DEEM IT THE WISEST COURSE TO SUBMIT TO THE NEEDLE . . .

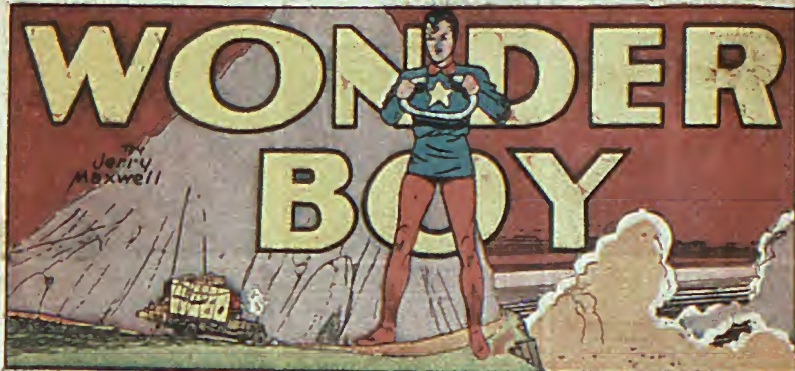
AS EACH MAN IN TURN TAKES TWO SHOTS, LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT "PEN" IS INJECTING SCOPOLAMINE AND SOME SLEEPING DRUG INTO THEM!



AS THE "TRUTH SERUM" AND THE OPIATE BEGIN TO WORK ON THEM:







WE FIND THE WONDER BOY SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST, FISHING...



SUDDENLY...

HELP!

WHAT TH? SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!



HE RUNS TO INTERCEPT IT.

HE SEES A TOO-HEAVY TRUCK CAPSIZING INTO A CANYON...



WITH A SUPER HUMAN LEAD, HE LUNGES TOWARD THE TRUCK.



GOT IT!

HE PUTS THE HEAVY VEHICLE BACK ON THE ROAD...



A BOY/WHY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE YOU FOLKS GOING?

THE DROUGHT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO PAY OUR MORTGAGE, SO CHEATUM, THE LANDLORD, HAD US THROWN OUT BY ARMED THUGS. WE HAVE NO PLACE TO GO!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP... LET'S GO BACK!



BUT THEY ARE STOPPED AT THE GATE.....

WHAT D'YA WANT BACK HERE? WE TOLD YA TO GET OFF THE LAND DINT WE?

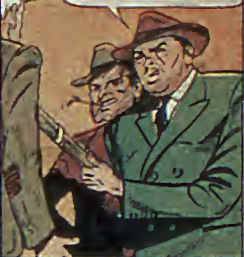
WE CAME BACK TO FIX OUR TR...

NEVER MIND YOU HEARD WHAT HE SED! NOW, GIT!!



BUT WE...

LISTEN, WISE GUY, WE DON'T REPEAT THINGS! NOW GET A MOVE ON, OR WE'LL LET THE DAY-LIGHT THROUGH YA!



QUICKLY WONDER BOY SNATCHES THEIR GUNS AND DESTROYS THEM.

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO HONEST PEOPLE!

WHAT TH?



WHY, YA LITTLE BRAT, I'LL BREAK YER NECK!

O' BOY!! A FIGHT!!



THIS OUGHT TO PART YOUR HAIR!



WHAT IS THIS?



YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION, HORSEFACE!

IN SURPRISED TERROR, THE THUGS RUN BACK TO THEIR CHIEF....

AND DON'T LET ME SEE YOUR USLY FACES AROUND HERE AGAIN!



IN CHEATUM'S OFFICE....

...AND BOSS, THEY PULLED GUNS AND SHOT AT US! THEY BEAT US UP! IF WE WERE ARMED, WE WOULD HAVE....

WHAT?!



THEY'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY SOON!
I'VE SENT A TRACTOR DOWN TO
WRECK THEIR HOUSES! BY THIS
EVENING THERE WON'T BE A
SINGLE STICK
STANDING!



WHILE CHEATUM IS SPEAKING,
THE BIG "CATERPILLAR" IS ROLL-
ING DELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE
FARM HOUSE....



BUT WONDER BOY IS ON THE JOB



SOMETHING'S
UP. SOUNDS
LIKE A
TRACTOR!

WITH APPARENTLY NO EFFORT,
WONDER BOY LIFTS THE
HUGE TRACTOR AND...



RUNS TOWARD THE CLIFF...



CHUCKING IT INTO THE CHASM...



TOO BAD YOUR
OWNER COULDN'T
FIND A BETTER USE
FOR YOU!

HE SUMMONS THE
FARMERS TO A
CONFERENCE...



AND TOMORROW I
SHALL DIG YOU AN
IRRIGATION CANAL!

O.K., MIKE, LET
HIM HAVE IT!
THEN ASK
QUESTIONS
LATER!

THE GANGSTERS FIRE
UNTIL THEIR GUNS CLICK
EMPTY...



HOLY CATS!
HERE'S
WHERE I
CAME IN!

WHAT TH-?

LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING
THE ALARMED GANGSTERS
FLASH BY THE FARMERS...



AND DISAPPEAR OVER
THE HORIZON....





MEANWHILE, CHEATUM IS TALKING WITH THE PROMINENT LANDLORD, MR. HYDEM....

WHEN HE REACHES THE MOUNTAINS YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YEH!



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE WONDER BOY ARRIVES AT THE FOOT OF THE MENACING MOUNTAINS.



A FEW MORE YARDS, AND THAT KID WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!



BUT AS THE HUGE BOULDER FALLS, WONDER BOY IS VERY MUCH AWARE OF WHAT HIT HIM!



WITH A TERRORIC BOUND, HE STREAKS UP THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.



AND SENDS THE WOULD-BE MURDERERS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR!





IN A FEW MINUTES, HIS CANAL'S CUT THROUGH TO THE RIVER...



AND THE WATER GUSHES IN IN GREAT WAVES THAT PROMISE GOOD CROPS AND YEARS OF PLENTY....



ONCE MORE THE FARMS ARE FERTILE AND PRODUCTIVE...



WE HAVE EARNED ENOUGH TO PAY CHEATEM.... NOW, WE ENTRUST THE TASK TO YOU!



HMM.... AND BEFORE I HAND THIS OVER, I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO MR. C'S RECORDS!



WELL, THAT'S FINE... YOU'VE BROUGHT ALL THE MONEY... NOW, WE CAN SETTLE OUR LITTLE DIFFERENCES!



NOT YET, MR. CHEATUM... FIRST, I WANT TO SEE THE RECEIPTS AND YOUR BOOKS!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU'VE BEEN MAKING THESE PEOPLE PAY OVER AND OVER FOR FARMS THEY ALREADY OWN!





ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO THE MAGNIFICENT HOME OF MR. HYDEM CHASES THE WONDER BOY....



NO TIME TO DRESS, MR. HYDEM. WE HAVE TO BE IN WASHINGTON BY MORNING!



AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WONDER BOY TELLS THE STORY TO THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY...



YOU'RE A FINE LAD...AND I BELIEVE OUR CHIEF EXECUTIVE WOULD BE PROUD TO MEET YOU!



HELLO, WONDER BOY.... YOU HAVE DONE A GREAT DEED IN RELIEVING SO MUCH SUFFERING!



BACK TO THE COUNTRY LANE AND WIDE OPEN SPACES GOES THE WONDER BOY, IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURE.....



AND MANY STARTLING SUGGESTIONS AWAIT HIM AS HE TRAVELS ON... HE'LL BE BACK WITH NEW AND GREATER FEATS OF DARING IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

NATIONAL COMICS
THRILLS! DRAMA!! ADVENTURE!!!

QUICKSILVER

PRESENTING:

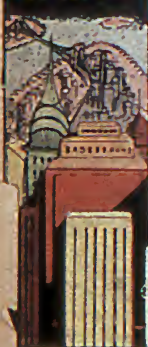
A STARTLING NEW
CRIME BUSTER...

BOUNTING,
ROCKETING,
ELUSIVE....

"QUICKSILVER,"
THE LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD!



THE GREAT CITY
SLEEPS....



BUT IN A DARKENED LABORATORY, AN EVIL
MIND IS PLOTTING!



YES, WITH MY NEW
FORMULA, I, LITTLE
VON LOHFER WILL
SOON WRECK MY
VENGEANCE ON
THE MAN WHO
RUINED ME... SAID I
WAS A FAKE!

ACTING AS A POLICE
DOCTOR, VON LOHFER
INJECTS HALF THE
FORCE WITH THE
HYPNO-FLUID THAT
PARALYZES THEIR
WILL POWER.



NOW GO!
WRECK EVERY
FACTORY AND
BUILDING
THAT J.B.
ROCKLAND
OWNS!

AT MIDNIGHT A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
WRECKS THE ROCKLAND PLANT...



GLAZE-EYED POLICEMEN SMASH
THE WORKS....



SUDDENLY THE HEAVY DOOR IS
SPLINTERED BY RAINING
BLOWS....



A FIGURE WITH THE
SPEED OF LIGHTNING
DASHES INTO THE
PLANT!



OUT OF NOWHERE....



LIKE AN UNLEASHED ARROW....



STREAKS THE
LAUGHING
WHIRWIND!



NEXT STOP
TIMES
SQUARE!

AS THE EXPRESS SPEEDS INTO THE SUBWAY
TUNNEL, QUICKSILVER LEAPS BEFORE A LOCAL
TRAIN AND MAKES THE PLATFORM A SPLIT
SECOND BEFORE THE SPEEDING CAR.



HE SKIMS UP TO THE STREET



ROCKLAND CENTER WILL BE THEIR NEXT JOB!



QUICKSILVER CANNONBALLS THROUGH THE REVOLVING DOOR.....



SCATTERING POLICEMEN RIGHT AND LEFT.....



THEY TRY TO BLOCK HIS WAY.....



BUT QUICKSILVER CAN'T BE STOPPED.



THE WALLS ARE SPATTERED WITH FLYING COPS.....



BUT HE'S FORCED TO RETREAT.



BUT QUICKSILVER DROPS TO THE BELT OF A GIANT MACHINE..... SOMEONE THROWS THE SWITCH.....



SLIPPERY AS HIS NAME, HE EVADES A WHIRLING SAW.....



WITH PERFECT TIMING, HE LEAPS BETWEEN THE MURDEROUS KNIVES.....



AND BEATS THEM TO THE DOOR.....



THE POLICE WAIT AS HE LEAPS.....



AND DIVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.....



KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF THEM IN HIS FLIGHT.....



RECOVERING, THE POLICE STAGGER
WOBBLY TO THEIR FEET.....



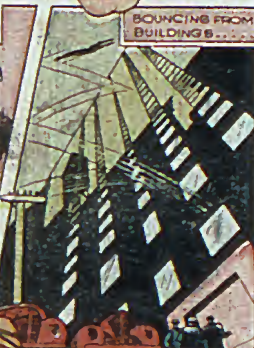
OMWOOSH! WE'VE
BEEN WRECKIN'
THE PLACE!



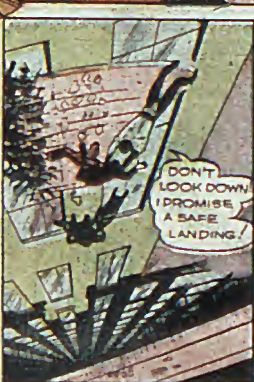
TIGHT-ROPE ALONG
TELEPHONE WIRES..



BOUNCING FROM
BUILDINGS...



THE SPRINGING ACROBAT
CRASHES TO THE RESCUE.





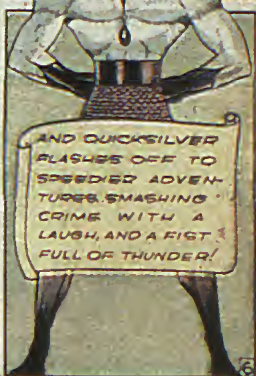
WITH A SWIFT BLOW, QUICKSILVER SENDS THE LITTLE MAN FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM...

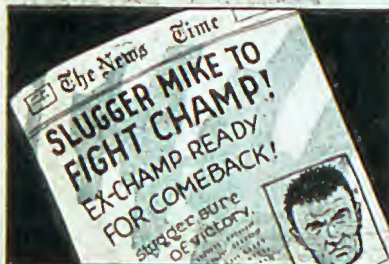


SENDS HIM BACK...



INTO THE STARTLED ARMS OF THE LAW.....





MEANWHILE DANNY "KID" DIXON IS SPARRING PARTNER FOR EX-CHAMP SLUGGER MIKE...



IN PEACEFUL SLUMBER, SLUGGER RESTS UNAWARE OF HIS UNINVITED VISITOR...



AT THE CHAMPS TRAINING CAMP

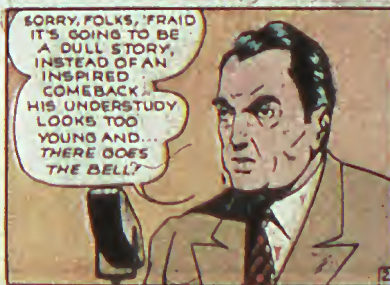
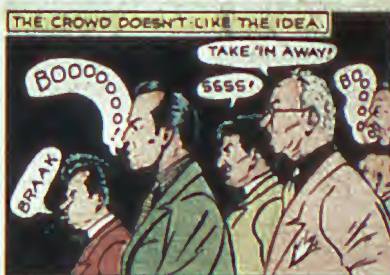
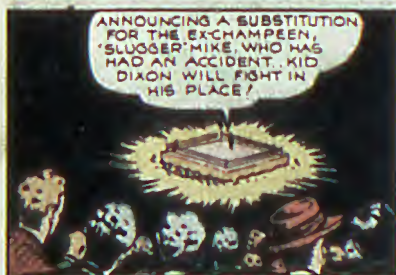


THE EVENING OF THE FIGHT



HE WAKES IN TIME TO SEE HIS ASSAILANT, BUT TOO LATE TO STOP THE BLOW OF THE BLACKJACK





AND HE'S IN THERE LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING! I TAKE IT ALL BACK, FRIENDS! THIS BOY IS THE ORIGINAL BLITZKRIEG!

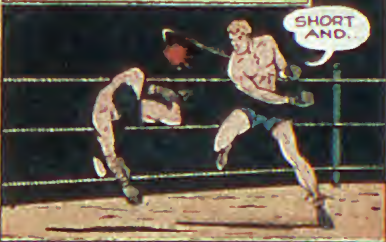


DANNY SMASHES IN WITH A CRUSHING RIGHT.



YOU WANT IT SHORT? O. K.!

ANOTHER HARD RIGHT TO THE HEAD.

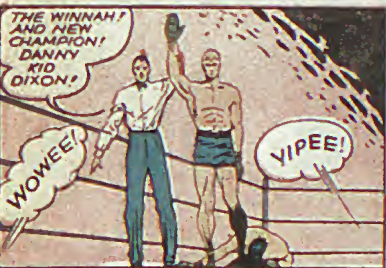


SHORT AND.



SWEET!

THE WINNAR! AND NEW CHAMPION! DANNY KID DIXON!



WOWEE!

VIPEE!



LATER

CONGRATS-CHAMP!

SLUGGER! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

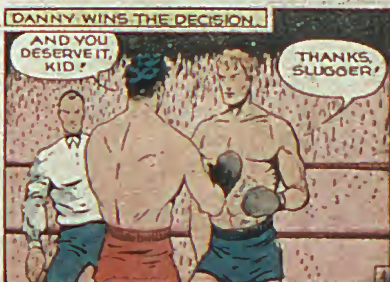
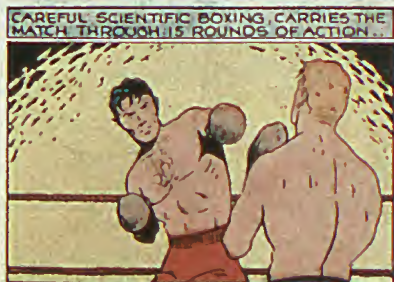
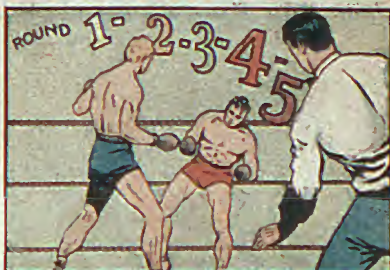


THOSE GUYS TRIED TO PUT ME AWAY?



AND THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD GET AWAY WITH IT?!

YEAH..THEY DIDN'T FIGURE ON YOUR PUNCHING POWER!



THE TWO CHAMPS LEAVE THE ARENA.



DANNY GIVES THEM A TASTE OF A CHAMP'S FIST



AND TWO RING OPPONENTS SEAL A LIFE LONG FRIENDSHIP IN A COMMON CAUSE



NEXT DAY.



PAUL BUNYAN

By
Storey Weaver



AS THEY NEAR THE GROUND THE TWO MEN OPEN FIRE



PAUL, FEARFUL FOR BABE'S SAFETY, RACES FOR COVER BEHIND A HUGE OAK



BABE, YOU STAY THERE, I'VE AN IDEA!



THE SURROUNDING EARTH SHAKES WITH A LOUD RUMBLE AS PAUL TEARS UP A TREE BY THE ROOTS



WITH THE TREE IN HIS ARMS, PAUL RUSHES TOWARD THE DESCENDING PARACHUTISTS, WHO ARE STILL FIRING AT HIM.



GRABBING THEM IN THE TREE'S FOLIAGE, HE SHAKES THEIR GUNS LOOSE!



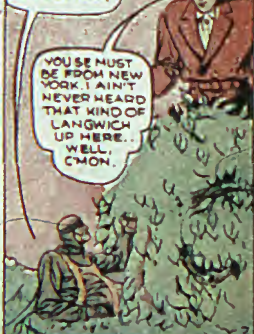
THE TWO MEN ATTEMPT TO FREE THEMSELVES.



BUT WITH A SWEEP HE SENDS THEM EARTHWARD.



SPEECHEN ZIE DEUTCH?



YOU SE MUST BE FROM NEW YORK, I AIN'T NEVER HEARD THAT KIND OF LANGWICH UP HERE... WELL, C'MON.

THAT EVENING IN THE MESS-HOUSE, THE LUMBER-JACKS DISCUSS THE DAY'S EVENTS.



SUDDENLY THE WINDOWS ARE SMASHED IN.



AS THE LOGGERS ARE COVERED, UNIFORMED MEN UNTIE THEIR TWO CAPTIVE COMRADES.



MEANWHILE, IN PAUL'S SHACK.



AND FROM OUTSIDE PAUL'S SHACK, WE SEE A GROUP OF MEN GETTING SET TO CRASH IN THE DOOR.



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BREAKIN' MY DOOR?



O.K., IF YOUSE WANTS TO GIT ROUGH, THEN I WILL TOO!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE SOLDIERS GO DOWN.



SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND!



PAUL IS STRUCK A VICIOUS BLOW.



DAT VILL HOLD DER FOOL!



VOTA SOLDIER HE VOULD MAKE!

ACH! DIS FELLOW IS A GIANT!



REACHING A CERTAIN SPOT IN THE FOREST, PAUL IS THEN IMPRISONED WITH THE OTHER LOGGERS IN AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN.



GOSH! I COULD KILL THOSE FELLERS! THEY HURT PAUL!

YEAH! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?



IT'S A NASTY BUMP ON THE HEAD, BUT HELL COME AROUND SOON, AND WHEN HE DOES SHH!



YOU MEN VILL TELL ME VERE DER NEAREST FORTS ARE LOCATED, UND QUICKLY!

LISTEN, SKUNK! SUPPOSE YOU TRY FINDIN' OUT FER YOURSELVES



HANS, STRIP HIM TO DER VAIST! MAYBE HE VILL CHANGE HIS MIND, YA?



THE BOSS IS STRIPPED TO THE WAIST AND TIED TO A POST. HE IS LAGGED SEVERELY.



THE CRIES AWAKEN PAUL AND WITH A FRENZY HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET.



AFTER A FIERCE BUT SHORT BATTLE, THE LOOGERS COME UP FROM THE CAVE.



Yankee Doodle Boy

By Anthony Lomb

"It's a very serious problem, Mr. President. I for one believe you should deport the treacherous villain."

"You are right, Senator Dobson, I will do as you say. Having considered the matter from all angles, I am convinced that I have only one choice—to rid the country of this menace and throw him back where he came from!"

Splash! The enemy in question flashed silver in the sunlight and fell back into the cool green water to swim gratefully down into the shadowy depths away from tempting worms and dangerous hooks.

"It's a shame to keep such little ones—give 'em a chance to grow up first." President Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy, stretched his bare legs in the warm sun and dipped his hand over the edge of the raft that served as Presidential yacht. Corny Dobson pulled in his fishing line with disgust.

"Vacation's about up, Mr. President. Do you think you've had enough rest to go back to important matters of state?"

"Uhhum—s'pose so—Hey, what was that?"

Across the quiet waters came the bark of a sharp command.

"Company, halt! Salute the flag of the homeland!"

The roar of many voices

shouting in unison in hard, staccato tones followed. The Yankee Doodle Boy frowned at his companion and began poling his raft quickly to the bank of the stream.

They climbed on shore and scurried through the bushes to an open field. There they lay, hidden by the foliage and



watched an amazing and almost frightening sight.

A column of over two hundred men stood stiffly at attention, their arms raised in the salute of a foreign military power. They were swearing undying allegiance 'to' that power in those hard, staccato tones. On a platform stood the imposing figure of their commander and beside him, a stoop-shouldered little man, with a grim mouth and cold, determined eyes, looked out over the heads of the uniformed mass with glazed expression. In his hands he held a small metal object.

After the voices had ceased

the commander cleared his throat and began a speech that sent the blood pounding faster in Jimmy Jones' veins as the true meaning of the words dawned on him.

"Tomorrow the defense bill is to be decided in the United States Senate. It is generally known that this bill will be passed. Our orders from the leader in the homeland are to see that this bill does not pass. We have little time and our agents in Washington are powerless. But we are not. We have a little present for the United States Senate—perhaps they will not appreciate the fine spirit in which it is to be given, but we will forgive them their ignorance!" The smile that crossed the speaker's mouth was full of ominous meaning for the white-faced boys that listened in the bush.

"However, my loyal friends, that defense bill will not go through, I promise you, for we have one in our midst so true to our homeland, that he is willing to give his life to the furtherance of that cause. He stands before you here and will remain the Unknown Hero, for he goes to his death on his great mission!"

The cheering and applause was deafening as the little man raised the object that he carried so all, including the two Senate page boys, could see. It was a time bomb!

At that very minute a black

plane circled out of the clouds and came to a landing in the open field. The man with the bomb descended the platform steps and walked in complete silence past the ranks of men and over to the plane. The pilot helped him into the cabin and the plane was in motion again, taxiing dramatically by the platform and rising swiftly above the trees heading toward Washington.

Jimmy and Corny scrambled back to the raft without a word. They shoved off and made for the other shore. Corny blinked at Jimmy, and the Yankee Doodle Boy stared hard at the sky.

"I know what to do," he said at last.

"How can we do anything?"

"My friend, Bill Farrel, flies the evening mail plane over here — you know Bill — he taught me a lot about flying and—"

"And what? What's that got to do with it?" Corny helped to beach the raft and followed Jimmy across the rocks.

"Smoke signals," said Jimmy. "Get me all the dry wood you can find. Hurry, he'll be coming over soon."

Bill Farrel's thoughts were on the big blow-up he and the boys were going to throw that night, when he noticed the column of black smoke wagging up from the rocks along the banks of the Green-falls river.

"Kids playin' Indians—oh, boy, those were the good old days. I can remember . . .

hey, wait a minute—" Bill banked around and circled back to see if what he thought he had seen was correct. "That signal couldn't have said 'SOS'—SENATE IN DANGER'—or could it?" He watched the billowing signal again and convinced himself. "But that's crazy — some crank must be trying to kid somebody—maybe I better fly low and see what it's all about."

In another five minutes Jimmy Jones and Corny were flying up above the clouds and pouring out their story to the astounded mail pilot. Bill Farrel gained speed with altitude and it wasn't long before the slim, black plane was sighted.

"We'll land right on his tail when he comes into the field



and give him the surprise of his life."

Suddenly Jimmy shouted—"But he's not going to land—he's flying over the field. He's heading toward the Capitol—maybe he's going to parachute down!"

"Maybe he's not!" Bill reached for his Very pistol and

shoved it in Jimmy's hand. "Here, aim for his gas tank—I'll swing down next to him."

The Yankee Doodle Boy took careful aim as the black plane loomed near, but his first shot was thrown far and wide by a hail of machine-gun bullets that shattered the pane above his head. He ducked like a streak and was up again for a split second to fire once more. The rocket blaze hit true this time.

With a sudden roar, the other plane burst into red flames and trailed a thick column of black smoke on its downward plunge to its doom in the Potomac.

"Good work, Jimmy. We may have some tall explaining to do but I think that water-

logged time-bomb will tell its own story."

The Yankee Doodle Boy sank back and stared at the broken glass above his head. He sighed with relief.

"Yeah, just think of the story it would have told if it had gone off!"

PROP POWERS

Bx Lynn Byrd

AMERICANS TRAPPED IN WAR-RIMMED FRANCE!
VOLUNTEERING AID TO HIS COUNTRY, PROP
POWERS SPEEDS THROUGH RAINING BULLETS
TO THE RESCUE.



PROP POWERS SETS OUT ON HIS
REGULAR RUN, WITH PASSENG-
ERS FOR LISBON.



HIS COURSE IS HIGH ABOVE THE
WAR-CHURNED WATERS THAT
ENCIRCLE EUROPE.



WELL, THIS FIGHTING HASN'T
AFFECTED MY YOUNG LIFE...
EXCEPT TO ELIMINATE
MY BERMUDA
STOP.



ON LEAVE IN LISBON.



HEAR ABOUT THE PARTY
OF AMERICANS CAUGHT
IN BORDEAUX? THEY
PHONED THEIR
RESERVATIONS, BUT
HAVEN'T
SHOWN
UP!

WELL, ISN'T
ANYONE
GOING
TO DO
ANYTHING
ABOUT
IT?



NOTHING THE
TRANSPORT
COMPANY
CAN DO...
THE CLIPPER'LL
GO WITHOUT
THEM!

THEN I'LL
TAKE IT ON
MY OWN TO
HELP
THEM!



BORROWING A SMALL PLANE,
PROP TAKES TO THE CLOUDS.



SOON HE IS ENCIRCLING THE
OUTSKIRTS OF BORDEAUX.



SUDDENLY A FIGHTING PLANE OF
THE INVADER SWEEPS OUT
OF THE SKIES.



DOWN ON PROP'S TAIL ZOOMS THE NAZI PLANE.



PROP DOES A SHARP BANK JUST IN TIME.



AND CLIMBS STEEPLY OUT OF RANGE.



THEN HE MAKES A DARING ATTACK, SHOOTING DOWN A RAPID HAIL OF BULLETS...



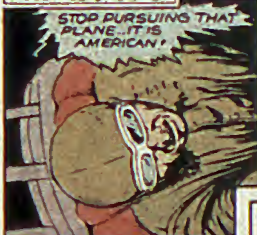
BUT THIS OLD CRATE WILL NEVER OUTFIGHT THAT MODERN NAZI PLANE!



THE ENEMY WINGS OVER AND DRIVES INTO A FRESH ATTACK.



BUT SUDDENLY, THE NAZI PILOT RECEIVES ORDERS.



ANOTHER NAZI PLANE JOINS IN THE CHASE...



AT LAST PROP GETS THE SIGNAL.



REALIZING THE FOLLY OF DISOBEYING, HE FOLLOWS ORDERS AND LANDS.



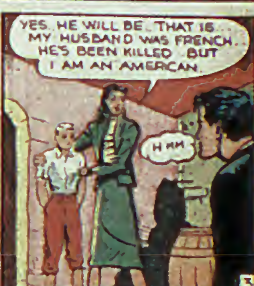
WE MUST APOLOGIZE FOR ATTACKING. OUR PILOT DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A NEUTRAL. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO REMOVE SOME AMERICANS TRAPPED IN BORDEAUX!



YOU MAY PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP FOR US TO EXAMINE YOUR PASSENGERS. YOU MUST TAKE NONE OF OUR ENEMIES!









THE DAMAGED PLANE CIRCLES
SIDDLY TO EARTH.



DESPERATELY, THE GUNNER
FIRES AT THE ONCOMING NAZI'S.



PROP DECIDES ON A BOLD
MANEUVER.



THE MESSERSCHMITT
CUTS IN FOR THE
KILL.



SUDDENLY WHIPPING HIS SHIP
ABOVE, POWERS GIVES HIS
GUNNER A CLEAR
SHOT.



THE NAZI GOES DOWN, TRAILING
A CLOUD OF BLACK
SMOKE.



AS PROP CROSSES OVER SPAIN,
VICIOUS ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE
GREET'S HIM.



BOY! WHAT LUCK!
OUR TANK'S
EMPTY! WE
JUST MADE
IT IN TIME!

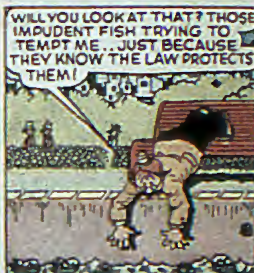
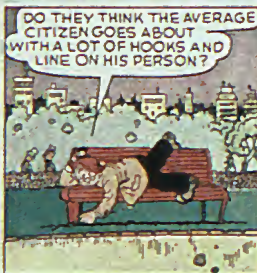


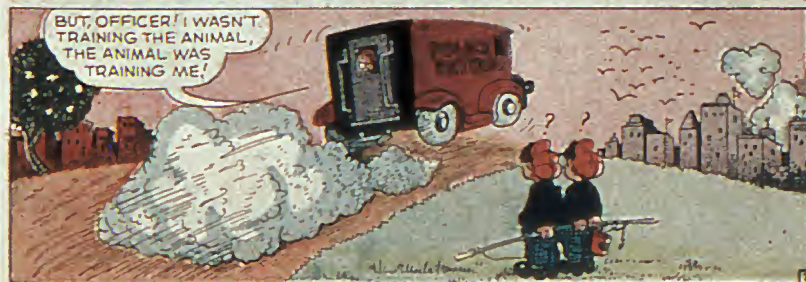
AND SO I'M
HEADING FOR
THE UNITED
STATES BEFORE
I'M ARRESTED!



MINUTES LATER, PROP LEAVES
WITH HIS RESCUED
PASSENGERS.









A STRANGE LOOKING MAN WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON, NOT KNOWING WHO HE IS, NOR WHAT HE IS DOING, BUT THERE IS A FIEND WHO DOES KNOW FOR HE IS THIS MAN'S MASTER...



AS THE VICTIM CONTINUES, HE BUMPS INTO MERLIN THE GREAT MAGICIAN...



AT THE MOMENT, THE FIEND IS ABOUT TO PREPARE ANOTHER FOR HIS DARK DEEDS... BUT...



I BEG YOUR PARDON, I SAY, WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME?



I DON'T KNOW, I SHOULD BE RESTING IN PEACE, BUT...



THE MAN IS DRAGGED INTO A DESERTED ALLEY.

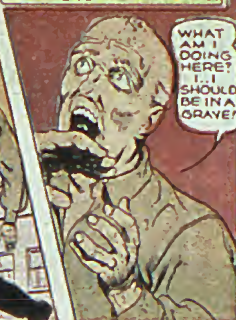


THE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS... WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

SPEAK!



MERLIN'S HYPNOTIC STARE BREAKS THE TRANCE. THE VICTIM BEGINS TO SPEAK.



WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I... I SHOULD BE IN A GRAVE!

I WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD BY A FIEND CALLED DR. MORBIDD.



MERLIN PICKS UP THE MAN'S GORY HAND AND SHOWS IT TO HIM.

HE DID IT! HE MADE ME MURDER PEOPLE WHOM I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW!



I DON'T BELONG HERE... I SHOULD BE AT PEACE... IN MY GRAVE!



I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. IF YOU TAKE ME TO DR. MORBIDD'S PLACE?



HE LIVES IN AN OLD DESERTED CASTLE. ALSO HAS HIS LABORATORY THERE!

THE STRANGE ONE LEADS MERLIN TO THE OLD MOSS COVERED CASTLE OF DR. MORBIDD.



AND AFTER MANY HOURS OF TRAVEL OVER ROCKY ROADS THEY ARRIVE THERE.



NOT A VERY "HOMEY" LOOKING PLACE.

AS THEY NEAR THE GATE, MERLIN SEES OTHER STRANGE FIGURES LIKE HIS COMPANION.



THE HUGE GATE CREAKS AND OPENS SLOWLY.

MERLIN GESTURES



LIKE SHEED, THE MEN FILE IN THROUGH THE GATE AND THE MAGICIAN FOLLOWS.



A STRANGE FIGURE GASTES HIM.

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?



HE TAKES A GUN FROM THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBE.



AND WHIRLS ABOUT, SHOOTING DIRECTLY AT MERLIN.



HE WON'T COME AGAIN WHERE HE'S NOT WANTED! HEH HEH!



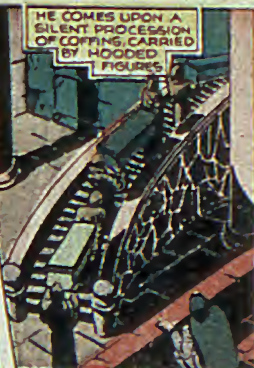
THE WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE IS SHOCKED TO SEE MERLIN STILL ALIVE.

I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU!



CAN YOU STAND ANOTHER SHOCK, SOURPUSS?





MERLIN STEPS FORWARD

RETURN ALL THOSE DEAD BODIES TO THEIR GRAVES!

WHO ARE YOU?



ANGERED, DR. MORBIDD CLAPS HIS HANDS TO THE GUARDS.



TAKE THIS INTRUDER MEN, I'LL FIND USE FOR HIM, TOO!



AS THEY CLOSE IN ON HIM, THE MAGICIAN STANDS STOCK STILL

COME CLOSER!

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU.



SUDDENLY THE TWO FALL BACK IN ALARM...

THOUGHT YOU COULD TAKE ME?

HIS BODY!! IT'S GONE! AND HIS HEAD HAS GROWN!



DR. MORBIDD CRINGES IN FEAR BEFORE THE LARGE FLOATING HEAD.



DR. MORBIDD TOOK YOU FROM YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACES... YOU CAN REPAY HIM FOR HIS SINS!

NO! NO!



HE BACKS TOWARDS THE WALL PLEADINGLY

NO! DON'T, PLEASE



HE PRESSES A BUTTON



A SECRET DOOR THEN OPENS.

HEH HEH! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD CAPTURE ME!



MERLIN PLACES DR. MORBIDD'S HENCHMEN IN A TRANCE...

NOW TO GET ELAINE!





MERLIN SIGHS DR MORBIDO JUST AS HE CLOSES THE LID OF THE COFFIN OVER HIMSELF. THE MAGICIAN GESTURES..... IT IS SEALED TIGHT.



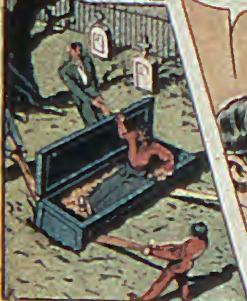
NOW, YOU HOODED VULTURES, CARRY THIS COFFIN TO THE CEMETERY AT ONCE!



WEARILY THEY TRUDGE, CARRYING THEIR BURDEN TO THE GRAVEYARD.



AS THE COFFIN IS
LOWERED, THE EVIL
DR MORBIDO
SPRINGS
OUT



PLEASE! DON'T
BURY ME ALIVE!
I'LL DO ANY-
THING YOU
SAY!

VERY WELL,
THOSE DEAD
MEN MUST BE
RETURNED TO
THEIR SACRED
TOMBS!



AT THE LABORATORY, THE VICTIMS ARE
CAREFULLY PLACED IN THEIR COFFINS.



AND RETURNED
TO THEIR GRAVES



SUDDENLY

NOW, MERLIN,
MY DEATH RAY
WILL FINISH YOU!



HE DIRECTS THE
RAY AT THE
MAGICIAN



BUT WITH A
GESTURE,
MERLIN
REVERSES
IT.



THE RAY ACCIDENTLY STRIKES AN EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL



THE ANCIENT
STRUCTURE
IS BLOWN
TO BITS



USING HIS GREAT MAGIC
POWERS, MERLIN SAVES
ELAINE AND HIMSELF
FROM THE BLAST



IT WAS NOT SO MUCH
THE EXPLOSION THAT
DESTROYED DR.
MORBIDO, IT
WAS HIS OWN
EVIL!

ANOTHER THRILLING TALE OF
ADVENTURE WITH MERLIN IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS



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1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

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cowboy

CARBINE

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on its face branded on its stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to yore bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Podner!

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"Th' real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outa my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a bo'ar!

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"These glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle on' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold . . . th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!

"Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' once!"

Follow RED RYDER
— NEA sensational
comic strip feature
— in YOUR daily,
Sunday paper.

Look—buy—and shoot this beautiful new Golden Banded COWBOY Carbine . . . first 1000-Shot repeater, Lightning-Loader air rifle in Daisy history! Same style of carbine cowboys carry on their saddle out West and in the Western Movies. Authentic Carbine Ring with 16" Leather Saddle Thong attached! Carbine named after RED RYDER . . . America's favorite comic strip cowboy . . . that red-headed "Robin Hood of the Golden West." Read NOW each marvelous new RED RYDER CARBINE feature, then get yours at your Dealer. Only \$2.95! If he is sold out (or no Daisy Dealer near you) send us \$2.95 — we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid! Hurry.

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for only \$2.95

FREE
CATALOG

Pictures all Daisys from \$1 to \$5. Most beautiful Catalog ever — write for your Free copy NOW on post card!

— SAYS
LITTLE BEAVER

RED RYDER'S
NAYAJO
PAL

\$2.50

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader invention and Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. GET THIS 500-SHOT beauty for \$2.50 at Dealers or direct . . . (Duty added in Canada.)

Double Barrel 100-Shot Repeater, "Breakback" cocks both triggers \$5.00

50-Shot Pump Repeater, take-down model, forced feed shot magazine \$4.50

Buck Jones Special, a 50-shot hard-hitting outdoor model \$3.50

Buck Barton Special—fala scope-type sights \$2.75

500-Shot Repeater—nickel-plated metal parts \$1.95

Single Shot—holds only one shot at a time \$1.50

Big JUMBO TUBE—

5¢

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

Buy genuine Daisy-made "Chrome-Sheen" steel Bulls Eye Shot — for accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles. It's BEST. At your Dealers.

DAISY AIR RIFLES